How New York Crowded to See the Whitney Horses Sold

"Never seen such a crowd but once before," said an attendant, "and that was at a wedding and we had to close the doors."

Frequenters of Madison Square Garden are accustomed to the enormous crowds seen there, but the crowd that simply flung itself through the doors last Monday evening, the opening night of the auction sale of the Whitney horses, was a revelation in the way of number and vitality.

Sartorially it reminded one of the opening night of "Parsifal," when the question of evening or afternoon dress agitated the men's world as well as that of the women.

There were men there in evening dress on their way from dinner and to later functions. There were sporting men who proclaimed their calling by wearing waistcoats with stripes wide as the subway and ties of flaming red, cocked their hats over one ear and to keep the balance chewed black ends of cigars in the opposite corner of their mouths. These men formed a class by themselves and their salutations one to another were characteristic.

"I tell yer it's a fake sale. There ain't no sport goin' to bet against Whitney when they knows he wants to bid 'em back."

"Keene? Humph! Yer wait an' see. I'm on to him!"

"No, I'm here to see Blue Girl. I dropped a thou' on her—Saratoga Special."

These were samples of their conversation.

Men were there who bought with their eyes, not, alas, with their pocketbooks. As, one after another, the horses were put up for sale, they showed on their faces the expression that one notes at picture sales when the connoisseur sees his beloved masterpiece knocked down to a stranger.

Women are scattered here and there. In the boxes there are handsome, well gowned, fashionably groomed women. The fact that they have on the latest importations from Paris, the newest styles in fall wearing gear, lends the one bit of life and color to the scene, if the ties of the sporting fraternity are excepted. The conversation in the boxes is of a sporting character.

"My dear, don't you remember? I lost those openwork stockings to you on Marquise in the New Year Handicap at San Francisco."

Or, the betting proclivity being stirred by the nearness of horseflesh, one may hear.

"A hundred to one that Hamburg brings $100,000."

The turf element in the crowd look carefully at the boxes while waiting for the auction to begin. They have an eye, apparently, for womankind as well.

"That's a handsome filly," remarks one man to another, pointing out a young woman whose hair is the very latest tint and who looks as if her proper environments might be a flower decked phaeton with little dogs running through the spokes of the wheels.

"My choice is the bay mare," says another pointing out a tall brunette who is talking to a couple of men whose names are known in the racing world and whose representatives are preparing for the fray lower down near the tanbark.

There is a woman on the floor with her escort who owns one of the largest stock farms in the country. She has the air of the expert. The crowd has little attraction for her, notwithstanding its diverse elements. She waits for only two horses to be sold, then closes her book.

"It will not be exciting enough to stay for," she remarks to her friends. "All the bidding men are keeping out on Whitney's account. There will be no high figures."

Perhaps her words are a prophecy. At any rate, a few men of the striped waistcoat class, hearing them, shrug their shoulders, look at their watches and disappear toward the entrance.

The air in the place is stifling. Policemen are busy trying to keep the aisles clear. Faint puffs of cigarette smoke are spiralling here and there, notwithstanding the signs "No smoking" in large numbers. The background, a dingy canvas representing some damaged clouds sailing across a soiled expanse of blue sky, offers no rest for the sight.

"Why don't they put up a big red curtain?" says one woman to another.

"Oh men don't know how to manage these things. Think of the effect of the horses against some sort of a velvet arrangement and on a pedestal, instead of on that miserable enclosure of tan bark."

The auctioneer is late and the silence of suspense follows the busy hum of voices and even the jostling shoulders become still. There is a faint movement down in front near the enclosure which is railed off for the exhibition of the horses. Some women get up on the chairs so as to see over the nearby heads.

There is a faint cheer, and the auctioneer, clothed in a top hat, frock coat and carefully creased trousers, as if he were to assist at a funeral, stands in his place and talks for a few moments, inarticulately, as if he were addressing a party at a dinner. He has in his hand a small ivory gavel with which he strikes resounding blows.

Then there is more cheering. Something exciting is about to happen. Those who know—trainers, jockeys, touts, stable boys, breeders, bookmakers, as well as the rows of men in evening dress nearest the auctioneer, who are there to bid in the thoroughbreds—have the same thrill of expectancy. It is that pause that comes just before the arrival of the prima donna in opera, of the star in tragedy. Even the smokers forget to puff surreptitiously.

A great wave of enthusiasm and applause sweeps over the assemblage as up the pathway from the rear of the garden the famous Hamburg, the pride of the Whitney stable, comes into view.

A girl with a scarlet hat and cheeks flushed with excitement, and a back which shows, as she stands in the chair, that she is a horsewoman, gasps and says, "Oh," but the simple ejaculation expresses the perfection of beauty as she knows it.

Another girl, a fluffy little thing, who has been dragged there against her will, or to please her manly escort, says:

"See that cunning white spot on her back. Just one."

"That's his ticket," explains her escort.

"His ticket? Why he ain't so pretty after all, is he. It was that white spot that made him look distingué."

Hamburg, winner of sixteen races, sire of two Futurity winners, comes slowly into the enclosure.

A bookmaker with a straw in his mouth and a turfy look about his eyes recites, like a well learned lesson:

"Hamburg, the best son of Hanover, the best son of Hindoo, the best son of Virgil, the best son of Vandal, the best son of imported Glencoe."

And another, not to be outdone, adds to this:

"In the female line he belongs to the great Dance family. His dam, Lady Reel, is a half sister to the grand racehorse Domino, the largest winner on the American turf, who won nine races at two years old, six at three years and four at four years."

He continues the lineage eloquently, and if one wishes to listen one would hear the names, famous in sporting annals, Bandala, Belle of St. Louis, Fellowcraft, Spendthrift.

But no one does listen. To the great mass of onlookers there is no necessity of a blue book to prove Hamburg's descent from unblemished ancestry, and surely in none of the sixteen races that he won has he ever received more attention and respect.

It is not true that Hamburg came into the enclosure and placed himself under the auctioneer's hammer with head flying, racing forward as if to win a Futurity stake or Electric Handicap.

He came into the ring with his head down between his forelegs, walking slowly, dispiritedly. Even the applause did not arouse him, nor the tone of his leader's voice. He seemed broken in spirit, as if he knew and realized the disgrace of a public auction.

"Of course he feels it," said a girl in brown, with a mouselike manner and gray eyes set far apart in an intellectual brow. "Don't you suppose horses and dogs have feelings? Do you think a horse like Hamburg, that has been as carefully sheltered as a human being, doesn't realize what all this means? You know how the dogs act at the dog show, crazy with nerves and sick at leaving home. You ask the kennel men. They'll tell you and the men at the regular horse show, too, and if they feel that, don't tell me Hamburg isn't broken hearted."

She stopped for breath and some one near her said in a half whisper:

"I reckon she's right. Do you know what it makes me think of—the old slave markets?"

The speaker is an elderly man, white whiskered and florid faced. His Southern accent has never known the pruning knife of Northern residence.

Hamburg was under the hammer and as the price increased the beautiful brown head dropped lower and lower. The place was very quiet again and an occasional word of Mr. Easton, the auctioneer, could be distinguished.

"Gentlemen, you must remember that Hamburg was bought by the late Mr. Whitney for $60,000; what am I bid?"

There was a pause in the betting ring

"He was a great racing horse in his time."

The voice of Harry Payne Whitney, who is sitting near his racing partner, is heard as the spectators lean forward anxiously to catch the first bid.

"Fifty thousand!"

"Sixty thousand" from Milton Young.

Another slight pause.

"Seventy thousand."

A slight tap of the ivory gavel. "One." The spectators lean forward until a girl falls with a thud from her chair to the floor and is picked up and put in place. She brushes her gown nonchalantly and says to her party:

"I've lost money on that horse; no wonder I'm agitated."

"Two!"

A poet says in awestruck tones:

"Think of it! Seventy thousand dollars for a horse, and you can get but $2.90 at space rates for a spring poem!"

"Three!" The ivory gavel is still as the assemblage.

Hamburg does not raise his head

There were one or two men in those front rows who looked as if they wanted Hamburg more than they wanted $80,000, but the esprit of the track prevailed and Hamburg returned to his home at this figure.

Another burst of applause greeted his disappearance, but he champed slightly at the bridle and moved with leisurely grace, untouched by animation, through the crowds that lined the rear of the Garden back to his stall.

The auctioning of Hamburg is the event of the evening. After if people chat, walk about, stop to listen occasionally and discuss the fine points of the respective exhibits.

Black Venus came dancing into the ring, her head up, her paws touching lightly the tan bark as if to the sound of unseen music. She raised her pretty head and the gallery was delighted.

It was the gallery's belief that she was the finest, bar none. Black Venus seemed to know that public sentiment was with her and threw her head back proudly while the stable boy patted her throat.

The $2,000 bid on her must have been a severe blow, but she went out with a swagger and seemed to find some satisfaction in the good words that greeted her reappearance after the sale.

It was in the rear of the garden that one saw the real democracy of the turf. There millionaires and minions rubbed elbows. Hostlers, jockeys, stable boys, forgot the respect due their employers and chatted on equal terms.

The feminine members of the 400, carefully ensconced in the boxes, looked at the strange medley at their feet, smiled, but did not wonder. Occasionally one or two would leave their vantage ground and under escort traverse the lane of eager faced men to the stalls below stairs, where he crowd, immediately after the sale of Hamburg, became as dense as above in the Garden.

All of these women had their experiences to tell. All had lost or won heavily through some one of the horses and looked eagerly for favorite or disappointment.

There are politicians who have said that their great objection to the granting of the suffrage to women is the fact that their own womankind would be subjected to the close proximity of undesirable folk. A feminine cynic might have used the scene in the cellar of Madison Square Garden to emphasize her speech at a woman's club, did she desire.

In the narrow aisles, cheek by jowl, with trails stepped on, breathing the same close air, women of the most graceful, delicate appearance seem absolutely unconscious, in their love and admiration of horseflesh, of any discomfort. Outside of the stall of Endurance by Right a woman in a white lace gown absolutely refuses to be dragged away. She puts a small hand in and strokes the mare gently.

"I've won ten races on her. I saw her first in Louisville," she says.

The man with her chuckles his joke,

"I know her, all right; she's a relative of Late Night."

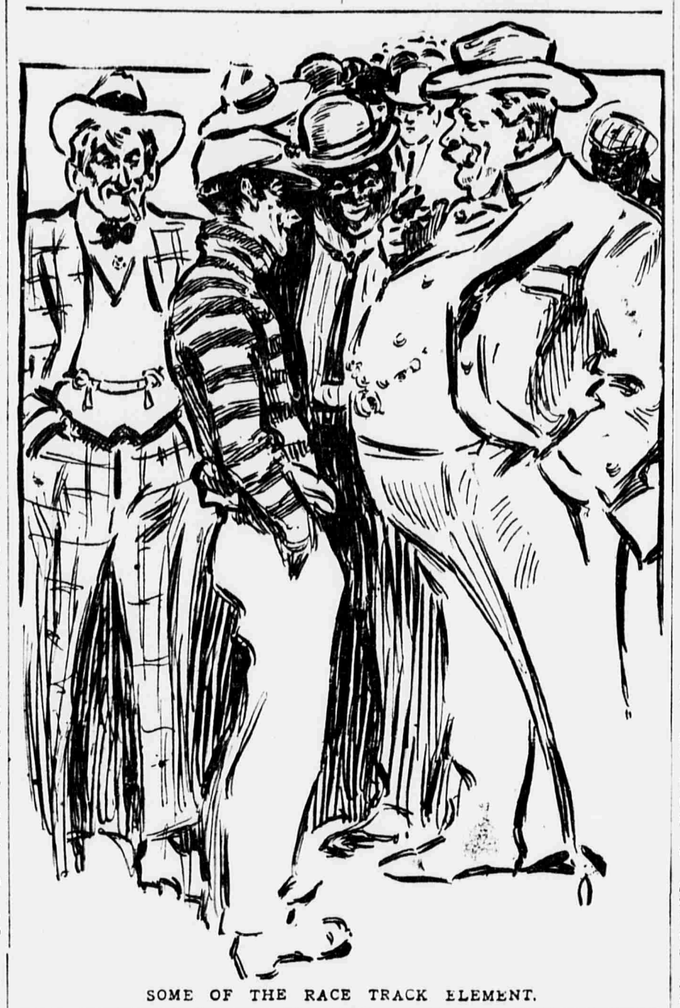
Outside the stall of Meddler the crowd is impassable. Meddler is credited through the turf earnings of his sons and daughters with $181,675, the largest sum credited to any sire in the history of the American turf with one exception.

There is a youngish old man who is being towed about by an elderly daughter with an appearance of marital prosperity and a shrewish face. He is explaining to her the reason of Meddler's record.

"You see, my dear, it isn't what a horse does himself, it's the earnings of his children that make him famous. A great lesson can be learned from a place like this."

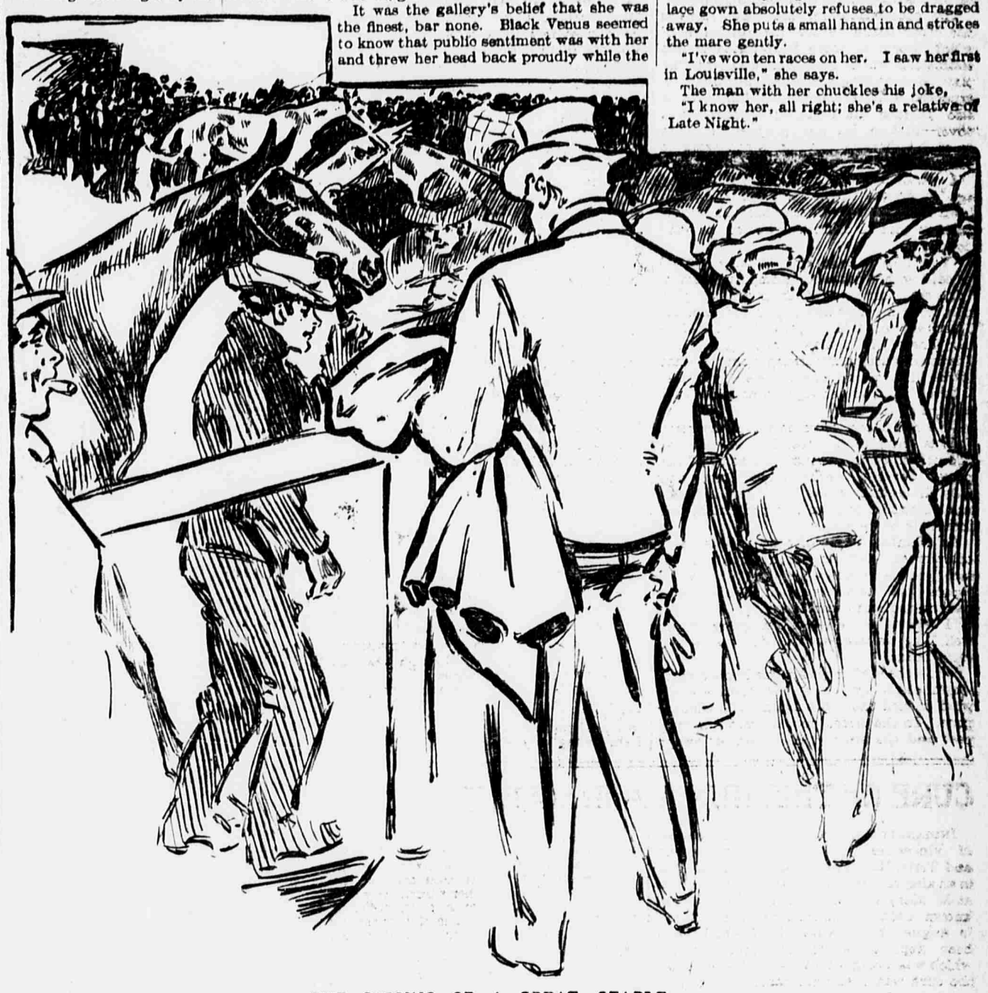
She grasps her pocketbook tightly in her hand as she gazes contemptuously at Meddler's bay coat.

"Well, I believe in horse or man resting on his own laurels."

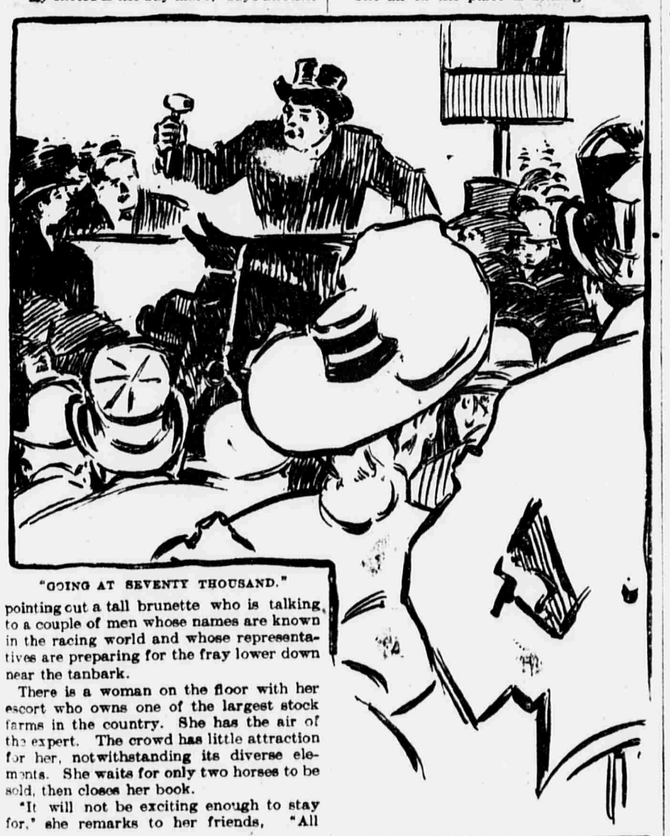


SOME OF THE RACE TRACK ELEMENT.

"OH, WE LOST MONEY ON THAT HORSE!"



THE PASSING OF A GREAT STABLE.



"GOING AT SEVENTY THOUSAND."

POSSIBLE BUYERS.

WHIMS OF WOMEN GOLFERS.

SIDE NOTES FROM LAST WEEK'S GAMES.

Charms Carried by Some of the Women and How They Acted—Racing Day Attire on the Links—Women Players Who Caddied for One Another.

Many of the women in the golf championship games last week at the Merion links carried luck charms and boasted of their efficacy—when they won.

Miss Fanny Louise Vanderhoff had a rabbit foot mounted in silver. While playing her uphill match with the Chicago girl, Miss J. Anna Carpenter, on the sixteenth hole, as they walked forward after the drives, she missed her rabbit foot.

She stopped in her tracks, and, after fumbling about the folds in her sweater—the match was played in the rain—started to retrace her steps. The "gallery" began to question one another as to the reason for the halt, and Miss Carpenter paused and looked expectantly.

"I am going back to look for my rabbit foot," said Miss Vanderhoff. "I have lost my fetich."

The remark shocked her professional caddie, Will Tucker, for it was a slighting of the venerable customs of the ancient game.

"Come on, miss," said the caddie. "If you go back I will forfeit the match to Miss Carpenter."

Miss Vanderhoff went on, but with faltering feet and pouting lips, yet she won the hole and match.

Miss Carpenter had an old horseshoe, one she picked up near her home links, sewed on her caddie bag. The front end was up, and after she had been beaten some one explained that the luck would always gallop away with the horseshoe in that position.

As soon as the Chicago girl grasped the meaning, there was a sound of stitches being ripped out, and the horseshoe was soon refastened, but with the other end up.

Miss Louisa Wells of Boston carries a bunch of dry four-leaved clovers for the luck of it.

The Philadelphia girls did not bank on charms to ward off a hoodoo, and none of them lasted to the semi-finals, which is a coincidence.

In the field of eighty-one starters on Monday, only about a dozen had professionals as caddies. The use of the pros. is frowned on by many of the women. Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association is especially opposed to the practice.

"If a woman can't play without a professional at her elbow to advise on each stroke, she should begin the game over again," said Mrs. Morgan. "I would like to see the professional caddie barred by the rules from women's championships."

Mrs. Morgan also believes that stymies should not be played, for the reason that they introduce an element of luck foreign to the spirit of the game. She points out that women do not play stymies in friendly matches, which would be a precedent to support a law against them.

The women in each group when put out at once took up the bags of clubs to serve as caddies for their more fortunate friends. So practically there were four in each match, as the caddie is by the rules one with the principal, two women from Boston against two from Philadelphia or New York, as it might happen.

Miss Griscom had her brother, Rodman E. Griscom, as caddie, and Ormsby McCammon served in this way for his wife. Mrs. E. A. Manice, champion of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association, did not play in the National, but she caddied for Miss Maud Wetmore, and the latter, when put out, caddied for Mrs. E. F. Sanford. When the names of the thirty-two to qualify were drawn to make the pairs for the first match play, by an odd chance the Bishop sisters had to play as opponents. Miss Georgianna won, and the younger, Miss Helen, promptly changed to her sister's caddie.

On the sunny and summery days, women at Merion wore tub dresses, mostly of white; but a few, including Miss Dod, the English champion, wore cloth golf skirts and light shirt waists. More were bare headed than hatted and more ungloved than with covered hands, but in the rain every one had to wear gloves to keep the wet clubs from slipping in the hands. The one uniform item of each golfing costume was the spiked shoes, mostly of tan leather.

The rain, which fell in a deluge on Wednesday, brought out many rough and ready combination suits. Heavy skirts and thick worsted knitted sweaters, with a soft hat or cap, were the foundations of the costumes.

In a general way, white or red sweaters did not look so well in the wet as those of blue or black. The light colors were too trying on the sloppy, rainsoaked faces, and the dark colors formed a softer and more becoming background.

Black skirts and dark blue or black sweaters were worn by brunettes or blondes with equal effect, including Miss Vanderhoff in the first and Miss Georgianna Bishop and Miss Katherine C. Harley in the second classification.

Miss Pauline Mackey and Miss Louisa Wells, both Boston girls, played with their sleeves rolled up to the elbow, in sunny and rainy weather. A few years ago to roll up the sleeves was held by the women to be as important as to tee up the ball.

Decidedly odd, but very appropriate and becoming, was a blue serge sailor suit worn by Miss Helen Carrington of New Haven.

Miss Vanderhoff wore a hat on both wet and dry days that was decidedly fetching and as good as an umbrella as a shelter. It was of a tricolor military shape and made of patent leather, with black braid trimmings. Hats of the sort were worn with riding suits in the summer.

Miss Griscom's wet day suit was all of rubber—roundabout hat, three-quarter coat and high boots. She was attired like a Sandy Hook pilot in a storm and guided the golf ball despite the stress of weather as cleverly as one of that gentry would bring a liner into port.

FISHES FROM CITY WATERS.

Six Hundred Specimens, Including Twelve Species, From Three City Parks.

The great number of the fishes to be found in the waters of the city's parks and the large number of their varieties are shown in catches lately made in them by fishermen from the Aquarium, who annually at this season go to these waters for stock for the replenishment of certain of the fresh water tanks for the winter.

From Central Park, Prospect Park and Bronx Park there were taken altogether 600 specimens of a dozen species. They included white perch, yellow perch, catfish, pickerel, carp, suckers, sunfish, pearl roach, common roach, fresh water minnows and big mouthed and small mouthed bass.

POT BOILERS IN THE DRAMA.

Broadway Playwrights Who Do Blood and Thunder Work on the Sly.

A well known playwright a few days ago ducked hurriedly out of the office of a firm of managers who produce only cheap melodramas, and gave a sigh of relief when he escaped meeting any one he knew.

"Hello!" said a close friend, who came across him a moment later, "where have you been?"

"Well, if you promise you won't tell, I will confess," said the playwright.

The friend promised. The playwright led the way to a cozy corner in a nearby café and ordered refreshments. When he had taken a drink he began his confession.

"So long as you were inquisitive enough to ask," said he, "I will tell you where I have been, and what I have been doing. First, let me show you this check for $500."

"Is it good?" asked the friend.

"As good as any check can be," responded the playwright. "In fact, I would like to have the same name signed to a check for five times that amount. That check represents one pot boiler.

"Now, you may not be familiar with pot boilers as I know them, but a pot boiler to me and other playwrights is a cheap melodrama. I've just presented the scenario of a cheap melodrama to a managerial firm whose name makes this check good, and my scenario has been accepted.

"Don't look startled. I haven't gone into the business of writing cheap melodramas. At least, the public won't know that I have. When my play is produced at the popular ten, twent' and thirt' cent houses my name won't adorn the programme as the author. Oh, no! Somebody else's name will take up the space that rightfully belongs to me, but I won't be jealous.

"You see, it is not always profitable writing plays for Broadway audiences, even when you are fairly successful. I have done pretty well, I'll admit, but a little extra change now and then comes in very nice. That is why I descend to knocking out pot boilers.

"There is money in them for the author, but the author often gets left when he tries to collect his royalty on his work that goes into a first class theatre. Pot boilers are short lived, but you get action while they do live. One season is about the life of the regular pot boiler, and then it is shelved for good.

"It would surprise you to know the real authors of some of the cheap melodramas. Why, there is one running now that has murder and sudden death in each of its four acts. I would like to tell you the author's name, though I know you would be inclined to call me a liar. I can't give him away, though, for, like myself, he needs all the money he can get.

"Last year I sold four pot boilers and, as you know, I had one play that was a success on Broadway. My four melodramic creations were not high art, but they did bring in good coin. So did my successful play, but even without that I could have worried along and made both ends meet with my melodramas.

"Maybe I'm a coward in not laying claim to my blood and thunder work, but I have the satisfaction of knowing there are other cowards in the profession. So long. When my latest pot boiler is produced I'll send you a pair of tickets for the opening."